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OR

The Festivall of Light.

Personated in a Masque at COURT,

By the Queenes Majestie, and her Ladies.

On *Shrovetuesday* Night, 1637.

LONDON,

Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the flying Horse neere Yorke house, 1637.

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THe Kings Majesties Masque being performed, the Queene commanded *Inigo Jones* Surveyor of her Majesties works, to make a new subject of a Masque for her selfe, that with high and hearty invention, might give occasion for variety of Scenes, strange aparitions, Songs, Musick and dancing of severall kinds; from whence doth result the true pleasure peculiar to our English Masques, which by strangers and travellers of judgement, are held to be as noble and ingenious, as those of any other nations: This being suddainly done and shewed her Majestie, and shee approving it, the worke was set in hand, and with all celerity performed in shorter time, than any thing here hath beene done in this kind.

The invention consisting of darkneſſe and light, the night presents the first Antimasques and sleepe with his three principall children, the Antimasques of dreams: The subject of the maine Masque of light, was thus introduc'd. The Muses being long since drawne out of Greece by the fierce Thratians, their groves withered and all their springs dryed up, and out of Italy by the barbarous Goths and vandals, they wandred here and there indecently without their ornaments

naments and instruments : The Arch-Flamines and Flamines their Prophetick Priests being constrained either to live in disguiles, or hide their heads in caves, and in some places, whensoever they began to appeare, they were together with peace driven out by warre, and in the more civiliz'd parts, where they hop'd to have taken some rest, *envy* and *avarice* by clipping the wings of *Fame* drave them into a perpetuall storme, till by the divine *mindes* of these incomparable Paire, the Muses and they were received into protection, and establisht in this monarchy, to the incouragement and security of those well-borne wits represented by the Prophetick Priests of the *Britanides*. The Scene where this goddesse of brightnesse was discovered, was stiled the garden of the *Britanides*, or Muses of great *Britaine*, not inferiour in beautie to that of the *Hesperides*, or that of *Alcinous*, celebrated by *Homer*. The conclusion of all was an applause and confirmation of those Deities or second causes by whose influence at this prefixed time, the *Britanides* and their Prophetick Priests were to be establisht in this garden, by the unanimous and magnificent vertues of the King and Queenes Majesties making this happy Island a patterne to all Nations, as *Greece* was amongst the *Ancients*.

The ornament which serv'd as a Bordure to enclose the Scene, was raised on two round Basements, on which were Satyres bigger than the life, bearing baskets of fruits, and knots of young Satyres clinging about their leggs in extravagant postures : above these ran comicements, which made the ground of

a second order, wherein were termes of women fained of silver, and children in their naturall colours standing on arches, some wantonising about those termes, and others holding great vizards before their faces: On the heads of the Termes were cushions which served for capitals, that bore the finishing of composed frontispices of great scrowles with *frutages*, from whence hung lighted Lamps.

In the Freeze above was other young Satyres, which seem'd oppress'd with the burthen of great festons, the husks of which were tied up in knots to a double compartiment composed of scrowles, quadratures, and Masque heads, in the midst hung a drapery fained, of cloth of silver, and in it was written *LVMINALIA*: under all this ranne a large valens of gold embroidered with flowers and great Taffels.

The Kings Majestie being seated under the State, the curtaine in an instant disappear'd discovering a Scene all of darkenesse, the neerer part woody, and farther off more open with a calme River, that tooke the shadowes of the Trees by the light of the Moone, that appear'd shining in the River; there being no more light to lighten the whole Scene than served to distinguish the severall grounds, that seemed to run farre in from the eye, with this Scene of darkenesse was heard the voyces of Birds of Night.

This strange Scene having a while entertained the sight of the spectators, there arose out of the hollow caverns of the earth a duskie cloud, and on it a Chariot enricht and drawne by two great owles, on this sate a matron in a purple robe, with starres of gold

and large black wings displaied, her browne haire loose, and on her head a vaile of russet cipresse, with a picked crowne and a golden Scepter in her hand; Represen-ting night: she tels she came to give repose to the la-bours of mortals: but seing all things here tending to feasts and revels, shee with her attendants will give her assistance, though it serve but as a foile to set off more nobler representations.

Nights

Nights first song.

(1)

In wet and cloudy mists, I sloowly rise,
As with mine owne dull weight oppresst
To close with sleep the jealous lover's eyes,
And give forsaken Virgins rest.

(2)

Th' adventrous Merchant and the Mariner,
(Whom stormes all day vex in the deep)
Beginne to trust the windes when I appeare,
And lose their dangers in their sleep.

(3)

The studious that consume their brains and sight,
In search where doubtfull knowledge lies,
Grow wearie of their fruitlesse use of light,
And wish my shades to ease their eyes.

(4)

Th' ambitious toyling Statesman that prepares
Great mischiefes ere the day begins,
Not measures day by houres, but by his cares;
And night must intermit his sinnes.

(5)

Then why, when my slow Chariot us'd to clime,
Did old mistaking Sages weepe?
As if my Empire did usurpe their time,
And houres were lost when spent in sleep.

I come to eaſe their labours (and prevent
That wearineſſe which would deſtroy:
The profit of their toyles are ſtill miſſ-ſpent
Till reſt enables to enjoy.

There came out from the ſides of the Scene ſix perſons, Oblivion, Silence, and the foure nocturnall houres or vigils, all attendants on the night.

Oblivion a young man naked, and a greene mantle tucked about his ſhoulders, and upon his head a cuckoe.

Silence an old man in a skin coat cloſe to his body ſet full of eyes, his mantle tawny, and a girland of Peach-tree about his head.

The firſt vigill in a robe of blue, with a red mantle, her haire hanging downe in locks, and a bat ſetting before.

The ſecond habited as the former, but the colours ſomwhat darker, on her head a ſcritch-owle.

The third in purple, and black, on her head a dormouſe.

The fourth in watchet and carnation, her haire mixt with ſilver like dew, and a little Swan on her head, all theſe colours were appropriated to the ſeverall nocturnall houres.

The Chariot of Night being arrived to the middle of the aire, ſtaid, and after ſome dialogue with her attendants, ſhee aſcends ſinging, and is hidden in the clouds.

Nights second song.

Silence.

Why dreadfull Queen doſt thou appeare,
So early in this Hemiſphere?

1 Vigill.

Where all to triumphs are addreſt,
As they did need as little reſt
As wandring Planets have above;
Who ne're are tir'd, yet ever move.

Oblivion.

As little wearie as are they;
As free from ſuffrings and decay,
Or feare of fleeting times expence;
Not tir'd, with weight, or vex'd with ſenſe.

1 Vigill.

Why would Oblivion mix with theſe that ſtrive,
To raiſe new joyes, and keep the old alive?

Vigill.

What is the uſe of ſilence here?
Thou ſee'ſt (great Empreſſe) ev'ry eie,
Doth watch for meaſures, ev'ry eare
Doth hearken after harmony.

Chorus

Chorus of all.

Why are we come to give their labours eaſe?
That reckon ſleepe a death, reſt a diſeaſe:
And all this Iſle their triumphs now expreſſe,
Not to beget, but ſhew their happineſſe:

A precious ſigne, they know their owne eſtate,
And that makes Nations chiefly fortunate:
For it alike ſhould often valued be,
To know, as to deſerve felicitie.

The third ſong.

(1)

You juſt, and carefull Regiſters of houres,
And you whoſe ſev'rall ever uſefull powers,
Diſpoſe and make me pleaſing whilſt I ſway,
Produce fantaſticke creatures of the night,
Though not i'advance, yet vary their delight;
Perhaps theſe triumphs may defer the day.

(2)

All that our ſtriving miſtery preſents
Will be but foiles to nobler ornaments,
Yet I ſo truſt the cauſes of their joy,
And am ſo envious of thoſe gliſtring ſhowes
The Sunne in pride, not favour doth diſcloſe,
That I would lengthen what I can't deſtroy.

Anti-

Antimaſques produced by the Attendants of Night.

1 Entry.

2 Theeves.
2 Watchmen.
1 Belman.

The two Theeves enter to ſhare a booty, the watchmen and Belman firſt affright them, as they are dividing their booty, but in the end they were contented to ſhare with the Theeves, and ſo they all joined in a dance.

2 Entry.

1 Wafer-man, and
4 Lacquyes with torches.

3 Entry.

Five Fayries, of which Maſter *Ieffery Hudſon*, the Queenes Majeſties dwarfe, preſented *Piecrocall* a principall Captaine under King *Auberon*.

4 Entry.

Coyners.

Moſt of theſe Antimaſques were preſented by Gentlemen of Qualitie.

Theſe Antimaſques being paſt, the ſcene of night vaniſhed; and a new and ſtrange Proſpect of Chimeras appea'rd, with ſome trees of an unuſuall forme, Moun-

taines of gold, Towers falling, Windmils, and other extravagant edifices, and in the further part a great City sustain'd by a Rain-bow, all which represented the City of *Sleepe*.

One of the Vigils in song called forth *Sleepe*, who appeared comming out of a darke cave, with three of his principall sonnes.

Morpheus the presenter of humane shapes.

Iceles, of fearfull visions.

And *Phantaste*, of any thing that may be imagined.

Sleepe, a fat man in a blacke robe, and over it a white mantle, on his head a girland of Grapes, with a Dormouse sitting before, in his hand a golden wand.

Morpheus in a robe of cloth of gold, his mantle Blue, on his head a girland of Poppy.

Iceles, in a brownish flesh colour close to him, like the naked, a red mantle, great Bats wings on his shoulders; on his head a bend set with flames.

Phantaste, in a white robe of cloth of silver, a greene mantle, and on his head a dressing of severall coloured feathers.

The fourth Song.

1. Vigill.

why (as if guilty) dost thou hide thy head
(Dull sleepe!) in gloomy shades with Poppy spread?
If thou dost steale our houres, is it a crime?
Thou dost but lay them by for mens releefe,
And art at worst a profitable theefe;
Pay'st Nature double what thou steal'st from Time.

Invoke

Invoke thy chiefeſt ſonnes, and ſtraight appeare,
To make theſe pleaſures fit to laſt a yeare!

Sleepe.

I come! I come! and that I more may pleaſe,
My Morpheus *I have brought, and* Iceles,
With wilde Phantaſte; *each of them hath pow'r*
To raiſe Ideas *from my ſhady Bow'r:*
Thoſe dreames of humane formes; of worſe eſtate
That reaſon want, and things inanimate.

Chorus.

How we ſhall fill each mortall with delight,
To ſhew the ſoules fond buſineſſe ev'ry night;
When ſhe doth inwardly contract her beames,
To figure out her influence in dreames!
How they will ſmile, that mans immortall part,
Works things leſſe perfect than if rul'd by Art!

The ſong ended, the ſonnes of *Sleepe* bring in theſe Antimaſques of dreames.

1 *Entry.*

An *Ignis Fatuus*, leading
4. Clownes that ſeeme to walke in their ſleepe.

2. *Entry.*

4. Witches.
1. Devill in the ſhape of a Goat.

3. *Entry.*

Robin-goodfellow.
1. Dairy-maid.
1. Kitchin-maid.

4. *Entry.*

Of five feathered men, inhabitants of the City of *Sleepe.*

Presented by { Master *Thomas Howard.* / Master *Henry Murrey.* / Master *Charles Murrey.* / Master *Charles Brunoe.*

Here an Antique ship was seene farre within the Scene, sailing in the aire.

5. *Entry.*

From the Temple of the Cocke, seated by the haven of the City of *Sleepe*, the principall Mariners or Masters Mates in rich habits, but proper to the subject, come forth and make their entry.

Presented by { The Duke of *Lenox.* / Earle of *Carlile.* / Lord *william Hamilton.* / Lord *Russell.*

6. *Entrie.*

Five Sentinels guardians of the Ivorie gate of the Citie of Sleep:

Presented by { Earle of *Devonshire,* / Lord *Philip Herbert,* / M. *De la Vieuville,* / Mr. *Francis Russell,* / Mr. *Thomas Weston.*

7. *Entrie.*

A cavilier in a dreame being enamord of a beauti-

 full

full Gentlewoman, seeks by his Page to winne her to his love, which she seemes to entertaine, but hee comming neere to court her shee sodainly is turned into a furie, which much affri'ghts them.

Represented by { The Earle of *Antjum*, and Mr. *Bartholomew de Mountacut* his Page.

These Antimasques being past, the Heaven began to bee enlightned as before the Sunne rising, and the Sceane was changed into a delicious prospect; wherein were roves of Trees, Fountains, Statues, Arbors, Grota's, walkes, and all such things of delight, as might expresse the beautifull garden of the *Britanides*.

The morning Starre appeares in the Aire, sitting on a bright Cloud, in forme of a beautifull youth naked, with a mantle of watchet Cipresse, on his head a Star. On the other side of the Heaven came forth *Aurora* in a Chariot touch'd with gold, borne up by a rosie coloured cloud, her garment white trim'd with gold, loosely tuck'd about her, and cut downe on the sides; her armes bare with bracelets of gold, with a vaile of Carnation flying, as blowne up by the winde, her wings white spotted with gold, her faire haire dishevel'd, and on her head a Girland of Roses.

Hesperus askes *Aurora*, why the Sunne is so long in comming, and whether being weary of his last journey, he is gone to take his rest. *Aurora* answers, that her brother the Sunne hath for this time given up his charge of lightning this Hemisphere to a terrestriall Beautie, in whom intellectuall and corporeall brightnesse are joyn'd, and therefore bids him descend and

ſummon the Arch-Flamines and Flamines to celebrate with divine hymnes : this Goddeſſe of brightneſſe with thoſe faire Nymphs dependants on her ſplendor.

The fifth Song.

Heſperus, Aurora.

Heſperus *The bright perpetuall Traveller*
Doth now too long the day defer,
Can he grow old,
Or, in his fierie chariot cold,
Or weary cauſe he ſtill one courſe doth runne?
Aurora *Bold* Heſperus *thou doſt miſtake the Sunne:*
Though's journeyes never can be paſt,
But muſt for ever laſt,
Though 'tis not limited how far,
Becauſe it ſtill is circular,
Yet ſure he cannot tire,
Nor mortally wax old,
Nor's univerſall beames grow cold,
Since fed with immateriall fire.
Heſperus *What is the cauſe he then ſo long doth ſtay?*
Aurora *He hath reſign'd the pow'r of making day*
Throughout this Hemiſphеare,
To a terreſtr'all beautie here.
Heſperus *Now I perceive why Poets call him wiſe*
He knowes the way how to preſerve his eyes,
This earthly Star (long ſince the boaſt of Fame)
Is both become his envy and his ſhame.
Aurora *'Tis true, ſhould he appeare, he were undone,*
And eclipſed though in his pride of noone.

Hesperus *yet in her lookes he'le least of danger finde,*
She darkens those with beauties of her minde.

Aurora *If thou wilt ever shine above,*
And in thy Spheare still safely move,
Descend, and summon strait
Apollo's Priests that wait
I'th garden o'th Britanides.

Hesperus *Enough, Ile rowse them from their ease,*
That they with Hymnes may celebrate
Her vertues ever blest debate.

Both *Her Nymphs (whose beauties can's expire,)*
'Cause dayly kindled by her fire,
Must needs be ravish'd with those layes,
Since as their owne they love her praise.

The Song ended, the morning Starre descends singing, and *Aurora* passeth through the Aire: As he descended the *Chorus* of Arch-Flamines and Flamines of the *Britanides* come forth, they were habited in rich habits of severall colours, as they are described by the *Ancients*. *Hesperus* leads them downe into the roome neere to the State.

The sixth Song.

To the King, by *Hesperus* and *Chorus* of *Apolloes Flamines*.

Wisely did Arts great Lord
That rul'd Mythologie,
No vest for Truth afford,
But to each eye

Ordaind

Ordain'd her body naked still, to show
Some kind of truths men bashfully should know;
Thy praises being truths are silenc'd so.

(2)

Yet mightie spirits raise
Their actions up to Fame,
When lifted high with praise:
Then who will blame
Great vertue for ambition when it strives
To feed on praise (the food by which it thrives?)
Who earn'st, yet hat'st, himself of truth deprives.

Saraband as they move back.

(1)

We know it is more lawfull farre
Than possible to sing your praise,
Who shewes how gentle, wise, and just you are,
Must trace wide measures, not in common wayes.

(2)

As some in warre neere a defeat,
Confesse betimes th'are overcome,
To save their desp'rate honors by retreat;
So wee retire, lest wonder strike us dumb.

After

After this song they returne backe in a measure, and mount the degrees, and stand on each side of the Sceane.

The seventh Song.

When the Queene and Masquers appeare.

1

How dull and uneffectuall is that rage,
Which swels our Poets when their numbers flow?
Resembling fillily, in ev'ry age,
Things excellent, to what they least doe know.

2

How poorely have they done, when they compare
A beauty that can rule severest eyes,
Vnto some pretty twinckling senslesse Starre?
Yet thinke they mend her by such similies.

3

If it be safe to gaze on beauty in extremes,
Look there, correct your judgements by your sight!
Those beauties neare her, are made up of beames,
They gather'd from her uselesse scatter'd light.

4

Now judge (if fairest Starres no more containe
Than what is certaine to th' Astrologer)
Whether compar'd to Starres she so much gaine,
As Starres have gotten when compar'd to her?

Here the further part of the Garden opened, and the Masquers are seene, the Queenes Majestie being seated high, and the Ladies somewhat lower on two

degrees, the figure of the ſeat was halfe an Ovall, about which were Termes, the upper parts like *Cupids*, and the under part enricht with leaves. At the two ends of this ſeat were figures of women like Syrens converted into Foliage and Scrowles, all which ſeemed to be enchaſed of Gold-ſmiths worke; behinde all was a bright skie, and in the midſt about the Queenes Majeſties ſeat was a Glory with Rayes, expreſſing her to be the Queene of Brightneſſe.

The habit of the Maſquers was cloſe bodies, open before the breaſts, of *Aurora* colour, richly embroidered with ſilver, about the waſte ran a ſhort Baſis, cut in ſtarre-like beames of white, and under theſe were lower labels, large at the bottome, and cut in a Trefoile, tacked together with ſmall twiſts of gold, the ornament at the ſhoulders comming down to the bowing of the arme, was of the ſame colour and forme as the Baſis, their arming-ſleeves and skirts of their gownes as that of the bodies; they wore well-proportioned ruffes, and on their haire ſtood a ſmall bend or diadem of jewels and ſtarres betweene, which in the hinder part had a ſcrowle, large at the bottome and narrow toward the top, to which their fals of white feathers were faſtned.

The ſong being ended, the Maſquers came downe from their ſeat into the roome and made their entry, betwixt this and the ſecond dance was this ſong.

The eighth Song.

After the first Dance.

1

Was there no other way
Our wonder to allay
But thus to falsifie reliefe?
For seeing quickly tir'd,
What moving we admir'd,
You turne our wonder into griefe.

2

Renew your measures now
Though but awhile, to show
This respite was not meant unto us;
But you by that did please
To give our pleasures ease,
Which if continu'd, had growne lesse.

The Masquers dance their second dance, which ended, and her Majestie seated under the state by the King, in the further part of the Scene appeared a heaven full of Deities or second causes, with instruments and voices, which together with the Muses of *Great Britaine* and Chorus of Arch-Flamines and Flamines sing this last song.

The ninth Song.

After the first Dance.

To the King and Queene.

1

You that are chiefe in soules, as in your bloud,
And nothing better'd by your high descent,
Ev'n in your passions as in reason good,
To whom vast power can add no ornament.

2

Though Men the blest estate of Angels praise,
'Cause not perplex'd with what we sexes call;
Yet you by such a humane difference raise
Your vertue more, because 'tis conjugall.

3

Be long expected in your Thrones above!
And stay on earth untill our judgements know
The noble use of that we so much love;
Thus heaven still lends what we would ever owe.

After this song, the upper part of the heaven opened, and a bright and transparent cloud came forth farre into the Scene, upon which were many *Zephyri* and gentle breasts with rich, but light garments tuck'd about their wasts, and falling downe about their knees, and on their heads girlands of flowers: These to the Violins began a sprightly dance, first with single passages, and then joyning hands in rounds severall wayes.

Which

Which Apparition for the newneſſe of the Invention, greatneſſe of the Machine, and difficulty of Engining, was much admir'd, being a thing not before attempted in the Aire.

The Maſquers dance the Revels with the Lords.

FINIS.

The names of the Maſquers.

The Queenes Majeſtie.

Ducheſſe of Lenox.
Counteſſe of Southampton
Counteſſe of Newport.
Lady Katherine Howard.
Lady Dorothy Sidney.
Lady Elizabeth Fielding.
Mrs. Victoria Cary.

Counteſſe of Oxford.
Counteſſe of Carnarvan.
Counteſſe of Portland.
Lady Elizabeth Cecil.
Lady Rich.
Lady Frances Howard.
Mrs. Nevill.

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Lady Dorothy Sidney.	Lady Rich.
Lady Elizabeth Fielding.	Lady Frances Howard.
Mrs. Victoria Cary.	Mrs. Nevill.